Dut. Thou rode, thou rode, where is thy brother Clarēce?
And little Ned Plantaget, his ſonne?
Qu. Where is kind Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?
King. A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women.
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I ſay. *The trumpets ſounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my father and your ſelfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Madame I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my ſpeech.
King. And briefe good mother, for I am in haſte.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſtie I haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie.
King. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy ſchoole-daies frightfull, deſperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmed, proud, ſubtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that eald your grace
To breakfaſt once forth of my companie:
If it be ſo gratious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me ſpeake, for I ſhall neuer ſee the more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iuſt ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age ſhall periſh,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my moſt heauie curſe,

Which

Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearſt,
My praiers on the aduerſe partie fight,
And there the litle ſoules of Edwards children
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſſe and victory,
Bloudie thou art, bloudy will be thy end,
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to all.
King. Stay Madam, I muſt ſpeake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more ſonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters Richard,
They ſhall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.
Qu. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her liue?
And Ile corrupt her manners, ſtaine her beautie,
Slander my ſelfe, as falſe to Edwards bed,
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So ſhe may liue vnskard from bleeding ſlaughter.
I will confeſſe ſhe was not Edwards daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royall blood.
Q. To ſaue her life, ile ſay ſhe is not ſo.
King. Her life is only ſafeſt in her birth.
Qu. And only in that ſafetie died her brothers.
Kin. Lo at their births good ſtars were oppoſite.
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.
King. All vnauoyded is the doome of deſteny.
Qu. True, when auoyded grace makes deſtiny,
My babes were deſtinde to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.
K. Madam, ſo thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hoſtile armes,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.
Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be diſcouerd that can do me good?
King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.